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as a decoy. Even alone, in these cases, the beasts of prey—even the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength—will hardly venture to attack the elephant. The male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him, the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy; but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight.

"In their native forests, where they are in herds, the elephants are invincible to all enemies, but man. If one gives an alarm, others hasten to the spot, and where they act in concert, the carnivorous animals keep their distance. In those places man is the only inhabitant of the earth by whom they can be subdued; and he owes his superiority chiefly to an element which the lower animals have never been able to engage in their service. Man, even in his most savage and uncultivated state, ruins one piece of wood against another, till one or both be ignited; he applies the match, so lighted, to a bundle of sticks, or to the reeds, brushwood, or grass, and the stoutest and most daring animals own his sway and shrink from this the symbol of his dominion. When we reflect on the power and the security which this single and simple operation of the lighting of a fire gives to man in those parts of the world that are infested by ferocious animals, we cannot help being struck at the vast superiority which the possession, even of the lowest degree of reason, has over the perfection of mere animal courage and strength.

"What means were used by the ancients for the capture of elephants, we are not informed; but the method now practised is not a little curious; and, probably, it is the same that has been employed, upon a great scale, from time immemorial. A *keddah*, or trap, is formed in some place near to the forest which is the haunt of the elephants. This usually consists of three inclosures: the first of them is of considerable dimensions; the second smaller; and the third leads to a passage so narrow as that a large elephant cannot turn round in it; and they are all very strongly formed of stakes and beams; and the large ones, except at the entrances, are fortified by deep ditches. Those ditches are on the inside, and the earth which is dug out of them forms a high bank, upon the top of which are the palisades. The principal entrance is so formed that it seems merely an opening through the bushes—a passage by which the huge animals may escape from that annoyance, by which they are driven into captivity.

"To get the elephants into this *keddah* is a matter of nice management, as well on account of their power as of their timidity, and the acuteness of their hearing and smell. Men who are familiar with the forests, and know their haunts, are employed to find them out; and that being done, the herd is surrounded with a cordon of pickets, who open communications with each other, and keep fires constantly burning. As soon as the herd is surrounded, another inclosure is formed in advance toward the *keddah*. It is made smaller than the first, and formed only to a semicircle; and when that is done, the former pickets open out to both sides, till the two inclosures are united. The next step is to bring up the rear of the first inclosure, which is done by beating drums, shouting, waving firebrands, and every other means by which animals that are so retreating as the elephant can be annoyed. Care must be taken,

however, that the herd is not alarmed; for were that the case, it would dash through the cordon, and not merely escape, but be fatal to the pickets. It is, therefore, urged on so gently as that it merely moves away from the noise, but continues to browse the leaves and twigs as it moves along. In this slow and cautious manner the elephants are brought forward till the entrance of the *keddah* forms part of the circle. When they are brought there, the noise toward the rear is redoubled, and the motion of the whole accelerated, till the leaders of the herd enter into the opening, which they do with some caution; but the moment that they have done it, they are followed by all the rest, upon which the opening is strongly barricaded, and fortified on the outside by a line of fire, which is also extended along the greater part of the inclosure, excepting towards the second one, that being the direction in which the herd is intended to be driven.

"In passing them from this inclosure to the next one, it is necessary to use expedition, as they generally presume that there is danger, and sometimes break through every thing and escape. Accordingly, a constant display of noise, fire, and smoke, is kept up, by voices, drums, guns, flaming and crackling branches of green bamboos, and every device that can increase the effect. The animals take several turns round the first inclosure, with a view of escaping; but they are assailed at every point with demonstrations of fire, by which they are at length driven into the second inclosure, and that is shut upon them in the same way, and guarded by the same means. Around that the noise is redoubled, in order to urge them on to the third.

"As that is usually much smaller than the others, and presents no opening by which they may escape, even to another place of confinement, the animals now find that they are completely in the snare, and their indignation knows no bounds. Their roarings drown the clamour by which they are surrounded, and they rush towards the ditch and the palisades in all directions, with so much impetus and fury, that hardly any contrivance of man would appear able to resist them. The people are, however, upon the alert, and their assault is stopped by the great enemy, fire. The contest is carried on till the animals are completely fatigued, and have recourse to a tank, or drain of water, which is prepared for the purpose in order to quench their thirst and lave their throbbing sides, which latter operation they perform by squirting the water all over them with their trunks. But, though exhausted, they are not yet subdued; they growl and threaten, and often attempt to escape; but the fire and the clamour meet them whenever they approach the fence, and they subside into a sullen humour.

"Their hunger is now worked upon; and though some food be given them, they may be considered as tantalized rather than fed. When they have been kept in this manner for a greater or less number of days, according to the humour which they evince, the bars that close up the narrow passage are withdrawn; food is thrown in by some men on a scaffold over the opening, and one of the elephants is tempted to enter. The door closes behind him, is instantly barricaded against him, and there is no return. He cannot advance far, in consequence of bars that are put across a little in front of him, and he cannot turn round. He, therefore, tries

the battering-ram—first, backwards—against the gate, in order that he may join his brethren; and then forward against the bars. But as an elephant once brought thus far is reckoned a prize, and as it is known that the efforts which he will make for the regaining of his liberty will be pretty much in proportion to his value, the barriers are made proportionably strong, and he is left to exhaust himself in powerful, but unavailing, attacks upon the bars."

In the chapter on scenery and cultivation, we noticed the following observation on the similarity of a custom of the Cachmereans, and our own dear Irish mountaineers:—

"It is rather a singular coincidence, that the candle of the pensive on the hills to the south of Cachmere, and that of those of some parts of the high lands of Scotland and of Ireland should be the same—namely, a slip of the central part of a pine; and the only thing wanting to render the coincidence perfect, is, that the candle of the Scots and the Irish is ancient, and dug out of the bog, while that of the Indian is recent. The herbaceous oil plants, such as flax and mustard, as well as those that are raised for the sake of more pungent or aromatic oils, fall more naturally within the description of Hindü industry."

We hope to return to these interesting volumes soon again, and recommend them strongly to the attention of all who wish for popular information on the subject of British India, in an agreeable form and in brief compass. The volumes are beautifully brought out, and embellished with an excellent map, and several engravings and woodcuts. They are also done up in cotton boards after a new fashion, in imitation of vellum, and with the pleasant flavour of Russia leather. At least our own copy is one of the prettiest and most odorous of the mountain of books upon our table.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, vol. 5. Part 1. *The New Zealanders*. London: Knight.

This work forms No. 9. of the Library of entertaining Knowledge, and contains an abstract of the information received on this interesting nation of savages from Tasman, the first discoverer of New Zealand, Cook, De Surville, Marion, down to Captain Dillon, whose narrative we lately reviewed, and chiefly making a text book of the adventures of John Rutherford an English sailor, who lived several years in the country, and only returned to England in the year 1828. The introduction to the work is a sensible well written Essay on the progressive civilization of nations, bearing particularly on New Zealand, and animadverts severely upon the conduct of Colonists in general, both ancient and modern, in blindly oppressing and then vilifying the aborigines of the countries which they visit. Some scandalous instances of such want of principle are given in the course of the book, we choose that of M. De Surville, who is represented as a man of talent and courage, and yet the respect every where due to human nature seems to have ceased with him, as with others, when out of the pale of European laws.

"During the gale, a boat, in which were the invalids of De Surville's crew, in attempting to make from the shore to the ship, was very nearly lost; but contrived at last to get into a small creek, which hence received the name of

Refuge Cove. As soon as they had arrived here, the sick men were sent on shore; and nothing could exceed the kindness with which they were received and treated, during their stay, by Naginoui, the chief or lord of the adjoining village. They remained in his care, having his house for their home, and feeding upon his bounty (for he would accept of no remuneration for the refreshments with which he supplied them,) till the storm was over; and then, on the 29th, they got back in safety to the ship. But this conduct of the humane and generous New Zealander was soon after cruelly requited by the French commander. Having missed one of his small boats during the storm, De Surville was induced from some circumstances to believe that the natives had stolen it; and he determined to be avenged for this supposed injury. Seeing, therefore, one of the chiefs walking on the shore, he made him a signal from the ship, and with many professions of friendship invited him to come on board—which, however, the unsuspecting savage had no sooner done than he found himself a prisoner. Not satisfied with this treachery, De Surville next gave orders that a village which he pointed out should be set on fire; and it was accordingly burned to the ground. It was the very village in which the sick seamen had a few days before been so liberally entertained; and the chief who had been ensnared on board the ship was their host Naginoui. Immediately after this infamous transaction, De Surville left New Zealand, carrying the chief with him. But Naginoui did not long survive his separation from his country; he died of a broken heart, on the 24th of March, 1770, when the ship was off the island of Juan Fernandez, on her way to Peru."

How different was the conduct of Captain Cook! The very name excites a thrill of pleasure at the recollection of the years of our childhood, when we first read, with such boyish avidity, the simple striking narrative of that great navigator's manly and humane conduct. At his sight all the natives danced and sang for joy, as at seeing a tutelary divinity, and such was the correctness of his observation, and that of the gentlemen with him, that little has been effected since his time beyond confirming his accounts.

"As soon as I got hold of the voyage of the English," says M. Crozet, "I compared with care the chart which I had drawn of the portion which we ran along of the coast of New Zealand, with that taken by Captain Cook and his officers. I found it to possess an exactness and minuteness which astonished me beyond all expression. I doubt whether our own coasts of France have been delineated with more precision."

The narrative proceeds with a rapid sketch of the navigators who at different periods visited it, and gives an appalling account of the massacres perpetrated by the natives on the crews of different vessels, who had given the natives real or imaginary cause of offence, and we find but too strong a confirmation of the practice of revolting Cannibalism prevailing among them, which in itself must very much retard the civilization of the country. We take the following extract from Rutherford's narrative:

"There were at this time about three hundred of the natives on the deck, with Aimy, the chief, in the midst of them; every man armed with a green stone, slung with a string around his waist. This weapon they call a

'mery;' the stone being about a foot long, flat, and of an oblong shape, having both edges sharp, and a handle at the end: they use it for the purpose of killing their enemies, by striking them on the head. Smoke was now observed rising from several of the hills; and the natives appearing to be mustering on the beach from every part of the bay, the captain grew much afraid, and desired us to loosen the sails, and make haste down to get our dinners, as he intended to put to sea immediately. As soon as we had dined, we went aloft, and I proceeded to loosen the jib. At this time, none of the crew were on deck except the captain and the cook, the chief mate being employed in loading some pistols at the cabin table. The natives seized this opportunity of commencing an attack upon the ship. First, the chief threw off the mat which he wore as a cloak, and, brandishing a tomahawk in his hand, began a war-song, when all the rest immediately threw off their mats, likewise, and, being entirely naked, began to dance with such violence, that I thought they would have stove in the ship's deck. The captain, in the meantime, was leaning against the companion, when one of the natives went unperceived behind him, and struck him three or four blows on the head with a tomahawk, which instantly killed him. The cook, on seeing him attacked, ran to his assistance, but was immediately murdered in the same manner. I now sat down on the jib-boom, with tears in my eyes, and trembling with terror. Here I next saw the chief mate come running up the companion ladder, but before he reached the deck he was struck on the back of the neck in the same manner as the captain and the cook had been. He fell with the blow, but did not die immediately. A number of the natives now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the skylight, and others were employed in cutting the lan-yards of the rigging of the stays. At the same time, four of our crew jumped overboard off the foreyard, but were picked up by some canoes that were coming from the shore, and immediately bound hand and foot. The natives now mounted the rigging, and drove the rest of the crew down, all of whom were made prisoners. One of the chiefs beckoned to me to come to him, which I immediately did, and surrendered myself. We were then put all together into a large canoe, our hands being tied; and the New Zealanders searching us, took from us our knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and various other articles. The two dead bodies, and the wounded mate, were thrown into the canoe along with us. The mate groaned terribly, and seemed in great agony, the tomahawk having cut two inches deep into the back of his neck; and all the while one of the natives, who sat in the canoe with us, kept licking the blood from the wound with his tongue. Meantime, a number of women who had been left in the ship had jumped overboard, and were swimming to the shore, after having cut her cable, so that she drifted, and ran aground on the bar near the mouth of the river. The natives had not sense to shake the reefs out of the sails, but had chopped them off along the yards with their tomahawks, leaving the reefed part behind. The pigs, which we had bought from them, were many of them killed on board, and carried ashore, dead in the canoes, and others were thrown overboard alive, and attempted to swim to the land; but many of them were

killed in the water by the natives, who got astride on their backs, and then struck them on the head with their merys. Many of the canoes came to the land loaded with plunder from the ship; and numbers of the natives quarrelled about the division of the spoil, and fought and slew each other. I observed too, that they broke up our water-casks for the sake of the iron hoops. While all this was going on, we were detained in the canoe; but at last, when the sun was set, they conveyed us on shore to one of the villages, where they tied us by the hands to several small trees. The mate had expired before we got on shore, so that there now remained only twelve of us alive. The three dead bodies were then brought forward, and hung up by the heels to the branch of a tree, in order that the dogs might not get at them. A number of large fires were kindled on the beach, for the purpose of giving light to the canoes, which were employed all night in going backward and forward between the shore and the ship, although it rained the greater part of the time."

No provocation seems to have been given to these people, and one would almost suppose that the only incentive was their diabolical lust for human flesh, what follows, we think, would have converted even Rousseau from his dream of the perfectness of savages.

"At length, one of the chiefs spoke to one of the natives who was seated on the ground, and the latter immediately rose, and, taking his tomahawk in his hand, went and killed the other six men who were tied to the trees. They groaned several times as they were struggling in the agonies of death, and at every groan the natives burst out into great fits of laughter. We could not refrain from weeping for the sad fate of our comrades, not knowing, at the same time, whose turn it might be next. Many of the natives, on seeing our tears, laughed aloud, and brandished their merys at us."

"We got up next morning as soon as it was day-light, as did also the two chiefs, and went and sat down outside the house. Here we found a number of women busy in making baskets of green flax, into some of which, when they were finished, the bodies of our messmates, that had been cooking all night, were put, while others were filled with potatoes, that had been preparing by a similar process. I observed some of the children tearing the flesh from the bones of our comrades, before they were taken from the fires. A short time after this the chiefs assembled, and, having seated themselves on the ground, the baskets were placed before them, and they proceeded to divide the flesh among the multitude, at the rate of a basket among so many. They also sent us a basket of potatoes and some of the flesh, which resembled pork; but instead of partaking of it we shuddered at the very idea of such an unnatural and horrid custom, and made a present of it to one of the natives."

Rutherford's narrative continues to the end of this part, and is illustrated and confirmed by the accounts of the other navigators we have mentioned, and also by reports sent by the missionaries. There is a circumstantial account of the ceremony of tattooing, which is performed here in a much more sanguinary manner than in other countries; and which the author describes as having existed

among our own ancestors, the Gauls and Britons, as well as the Scythians and other barbarous nations. The natural productions of New Zealand are also described, and the uses to which they are applied by the natives.

The second part of the volume contains the narrative of Rutherford continued, with remarks from other writers, illustrative of his accounts; he lived among the New Zealanders ten years wanting two months, married two wives, and at length escaped, on being sent by the natives on board an American vessel, which he was to entice into the same place where the massacre of the crew of his own ship had been committed; but, as might be expected, he warned them of the intentions of the people, and sailed away with them. After divers other adventures, among which we may reckon his introduction to Pedro, emperor of Brazil, he returned to England, and has left it again for Otaheite, where he has another wife. Several other Europeans are mentioned as living at present in New Zealand, who are generally well treated by the natives; and there is an account of some of the latter who have visited England. Two of them, it seems, are in England now, at Derby, having been lately ill of the measles, a disease which generally attacks the natives of the South Sea islands. The work ends by a comparative view of civilized and uncivilized nature, which is ably and judiciously written; but we certainly are of opinion, that the work of civilization in that country, must needs be very gradual, so many obstacles present themselves in the character and habits of the natives. Their character is brave, but given to much boasting of their bravery, doatingly attached to their families, whom they generally spoil by over-indulgence, unmindful of the distinctions of property, which they appropriate to themselves, *per fas et nefas*, carrying the dreadful law of *talia* to such a pitch, that peace need never be expected in the land till the extirpation of one half by the other; naturally shrewd and observant, they often embarrass Europeans by their questions.

They are made of good materials, were they once moulded by religion to a more rational and moral form. We take leave of this little book, which we have read with considerable pleasure, and recommend it to our young readers, who may be fond of descriptions of foreign countries; it contains a tolerable share of matter to make their hair stand on end, which we well remember was a great inducement to ourselves to read a book, 'in our hot youth, some forty years ago.' It is, however, written in rather a rambling discursive sort of style, and too much space is, we think, allotted to the subject of the volume. There is a map of New Zealand, and forty-six wood-cuts in illustration of the text.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Waverley Novels; Vol. XII. New edition.—Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

THIS volume contains the continuation of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*: there is little of particular interest in the notes, except, perhaps, the account of the office of "doomster," or pronouncer of doom, formerly an important functionary in the judiciary courts of Scot-

land. The brief historical notice of the Duke of Argyle is also interesting. The embellishments are good: the frontispiece by Kidd, represents the collyshangie between Dumbiedykes, Mrs. Balchristie, and Jeanie, when the latter goes to call upon the laird before setting out to London. We have observed, that on the four different occasions on which Jeanie makes her appearance in the course of these embellishments, she is quite a different person each time, and certainly none of the artists have yet come up to our ideas of the original. But Jeanie is a great favourite of ours, and it would be very hard to please us. In the present portrait, which is, we think, the best; she is a fat, contented, souse-looking lassie. The vignette of this volume, (by Stephanoff and H. Rolls,) depicts Madge Wildfire and Jeanie on their walk, after Jeanie's escape from Madge's mother and the robbers.

The History of France and Normandy, from the accession of Clovis to the Battle of Waterloo. By W. C. Taylor, author of the *Historical Miscellany*, &c.—London, Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

A good compendium of the history of France, for the use of youthful cultivators of Minerva, or of Clio rather, was much wanted, and the desideratum is here ably supplied. The plan adopted is that of Pinnock's editions of Goldsmith's histories, each chapter being divided into numbered sections, and closed by a series of questions corresponding to these numbers, formed so as to try satisfactorily the reader's attention, and prove his knowledge of what he has read. At the back of the book is a full and particular genealogical table of the Merovingian, Carolingian, and Capetian sovereigns of France, followed by a list of the princes of the houses of Valois and Bourbon, and a general chronological index of the Gaulic history from the defeat of the Romans by Clovis, in A.D. 486, to the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815. An excellent little map of France, engraved by Sidney Hall, is prefixed, and altogether the volume is extremely perfect and complete, for the purpose for which it is intended.

A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body. For the use of general Readers.—Edinburgh, D. Lizars.—London, Whittaker, Treacher and Co.—Dublin, Curry and Co.

SOME knowledge of the structure and functions of the different parts of our own frame, is, doubtless, desirable; and here we have the requisite information sensibly and satisfactorily supplied. We are disposed to concur with Dr. Spurzheim, that the physical part of the human economy is too apt to be forgotten in the eagerness of our thirst for intellectual improvement, especially in the case of young children.

Who would not rather have a fine, healthy, happy, blooming, mischievous little rogue, who does not know B from a bull's foot at seven, than a poor, puny, peevish, pigmy, puling peel-garlick, with all the seven sciences in his bilious brain? Give us exercise and open air—a merry heart, sweet temper, and cheerful countenance, and let the schoolmaster go hang for the first dozen years at all events. The Manual is a good book, about the body and diseases, and physics, and the like. We hate physic, and know nothing of disease.

An Essay on the Book of Genesis, written for the use of Parents and Teachers. Dublin, Wakeman, 12mo. pp. 66.

THIS is a very well meant little Essay, intended to remove or to reconcile the apparent incongruities in the Mosaic account of the Creation. It seems to be written by a lady. The author principally quoted, in addition to the Sacred Scriptures themselves, is Josephus. There is no great depth of reading or of critical acumen, apparent in the production, but it is a plain sensible little Essay, judiciously compiled, and may be read with great advantage by those of the young who feel any doubts or scruples respecting the narrative contained in the first book of the Pentateuch.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Monthly Magazine, for May.—London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THIS is really an excellent Magazine in general, and the present number sustains its character well. With the politics, which naturally form so prominent a topic in it, we have of course nothing to do. There is a very long paper on the United States of America, and the British West Indies, compiled chiefly it would seem from Basil Hall's 'two guinea' book on America. "The Pressed Man" is an interesting sea story, and the Devonshire Ball an amusing account in doggerel verse, of the entertainment given by the Duke to the gentry of Youghal and its neighbourhood, when he visited his estates in the South of Ireland. The usual notices and lists are very full and satisfactory in this Magazine, which is evidently got up with great care, as well as considerable ability.

The British Magazine for May. London, Westley and Davis.

VARIED, interesting, and excellent, as usual. The British only wants a slight additional dash of vigour and spicyness about it, to make it our decided favourite of all the London Magazines. It professes to be intended peculiarly to "pass into families" as more general in its character than Magazines that are exclusively religious, and more solid and beneficial than those that are merely literary. This character it maintains admirably well.

The Harmonicon.

The character of this interesting musical periodical had somewhat sunk in our opinion, by the comparative poverty of the last few numbers; but that for the present month has redeemed its former reputation, and is full of amusing and useful matter. The "Extracts from the *Diary of a Dilettante*," are as entertaining as usual; and the *Foreign Musical Report* full of interest to every one anxious for information as to the state of music and theatricals on the Continent. The memoirs selected for the present number are those of Harrison and Bartleman, both eminent vocalists in their day. We shall continue to notice this periodical occasionally, as it affords much information on a science always so delightful, and now so generally cultivated. Even the abstruser principles of music are often treated in the *Harmonicon* with great ability, and the criticisms are generally conducted with impartiality and skill.